West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. Exit
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene,
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. Exit.
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. Exit
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not
yeeld my Lord.
King. Ah *Exeter?*
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwike*, but my sonne
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.
War. Long liue king *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace
him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes
York. Now Yorke and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Sound Trumpets.
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke* and his sonnes.
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my souldiers. Exit
Norf. And *Ile* to *Norffolke* with my followers. Exit
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. Exit
Exit

Enter the *Queene* and the *Prince*.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.
King. And so will *I*.
Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.
King Be patient gentle *Queene*, and then Ile staie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.
The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle *Margaret*, and here me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be still.
King. Gentle sonne *Edwarde*, wilt thou staie with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King. Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the prince
Her